here is a reflection on himself. He was rude to Sir Hardman Lever and ruder to me.

Here is an account of an amazing scene which took place in his room at the Embassy. . . .

A scene with Spring-Rice

In the evening—after introducing me all day to a number of the Ministers—Sir Cecil gave a dinner to me at the Embassy. He asked me in the afternoon to come a little beforehand as he wished to go into a few private matters. I went.

He was sitting at a table before his red boxes, and, suddenly looking up, produced a cutting from the pro-German *Evening Post* which had appeared prior to my arrival and which said, as far as I can remember, that it was odd that a man who had criticised the Ambassador in scare-heads and articles (a concoction) should be coming to this appointment.

He then suddenly rose, looked at me in a very queer way, and pointing his finger at me, said :

* You are my enemy. Apart from these criticisms, you inserted four years ago an anonymous attack in the *Times* which nearly *killed me; and Lady Spring-Rice declines to receive you on that account.*[9]

(There are, fortunately, other charming ladies in Washington !)

I replied that I had never criticised him. He rejoined that he was criticised in a letter to the *Times* for his prolonged absence from the Embassy and for travelling on German ships ; that his

absence was due to his health, and to diplomatic circumstances which he could not publicly explain.

I observed that as this was his view of my visit I proposed to leave the house, and I walked towards the door with the intention of so doing,